

SPECIAL
MIDSUMMER DISCOUNT

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EXTRA
THIRTEEN!

Jack the Ripper Butchers
Another Victim.

London Again Shocked by a
Whitechapel Horror.

A Woman of Seventy Years Brutally Cut and Hacked.

Scotland Yard Police Have Arrested a
Man on Suspicion.

Terror Once More Reigns in the
Whitechapel Slums.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
LONDON, Aug. 7.—Jack the Ripper is again abroad, and terror reigns in the Whitechapel district. An old woman has been brutally butchered, and the Ripper has made good his escape.

The victim is Mary Woolfe, aged seventy years.

A policeman found her lying in one of the dark alleys that cut up Whitechapel at an early hour this morning.

She was covered with blood and unconscious. Her throat was cut and there were numerous stab wounds in her body.

She had evidently been seized from behind, her assailant throwing his arm about her neck and garroting her. Then the knife was drawn across her throat.

She struggled hard, for there is a right hand in her left arm, which she threw up to defend herself.

Apparently the Ripper was frightened off before he entirely completed his work.

When found the woman was still breathing. That she could be alive with all these terrible wounds is a miracle.

The police are searching about, but have no clues. The atrocity was committed with the same audacity as all the others.

This is the thirteenth victim of Jack the Ripper. Two more must be sacrificed before he will stop, for he has announced that he will kill fifteen before he surrenders.

LATER.—A man has been arrested on suspicion of being the murderer. But the evidence against him is weak.

The woman has recovered sufficiently to speak. She can not give a description of her assailant. She says that the man sprang at her from behind. A blood-stained razor has been found near the scene of the crime.

GARROTTED FIRST, THEN CARVED.

This Morning's Crime in One of
Whitechapel's Dark Alleys.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
LONDON, Aug. 7.—Much excitement was occasioned in the Whitechapel district this morning when the word was rapidly passed from mouth to mouth that the dreaded "Jack the Ripper" had again appeared and committed one of the butcheries that has made his name a household word in this most ill-favored portion of London.

That there was reason for the excitement there can be no denial.

At an early hour this morning as one of the dozens of Whitechapel, an old woman named Woolfe, was passing through one of the numerous dark alleys with which the region abounds, she was set upon by an unknown man armed with a sharp knife.

The place where the assault was made was a dark and dismal one, and as the woman was carrying the usual provisions had sought refuge in doorways or under arches, where they lay in drunken slumbers.

As rows are of nightly, almost hourly occurrence in Whitechapel, no attention was paid, if indeed any noise was heard, to what was of course taken for one of the usual drunken scuffles.

But for the old woman it was a source for life.

From what can be learned of the circumstances surrounding the attack, it appears that the man, whom the people of Whitechapel are firmly convinced was the famous "Ripper," used his knife with deadly ferocity.

He grasped the woman by the head, and

drawing her backward, he, with one hand across her mouth, silenced the cries she would naturally have tried to make, while with the other hand he drew the keen-bladed knife across her tightly drawn throat, inflicting a terrible wound.

Then, using the knife as a dagger, he plunged it into her body again and again.

There is a deep wound on the woman's arm which, it is believed, was received while she was attempting to ward off the ferocious blows aimed at her body.

When released from the grasp of her assailant the woman dropped to the ground with the blood pouring from her wounds, and when shortly afterwards she was discovered by a passing policeman she was unconscious and in a dying condition.

She is seventy years old.

The police are, as usual, hunting for some clue that will lead to the identification of the murderer, but, as in all the other Whitechapel crimes, the assassin has disappeared, leaving no trace save his mutilated victim.

The woman was taken to a hospital, and after a time she recovered sufficiently to tell of the attack made upon her.

She is a German, and unlike the other women murdered and mutilated in Whitechapel, she was not in the company of the man who attacked her, but was passing along the street when, without warning, the assassin sprang upon her.

She saw the glitter of the upraised steel blade, but was unable to escape from the grasp of her assailant.

She raised her arm to defend her throat from the sweeping blow aimed at it, and it was through this movement that the wound to her arm was received.

When her assailant released her from his grasp she fell upon a doorstep. Despite her terrible injuries she still retained possession of her senses, and though the wound in her throat was bleeding profusely she was able to articulate, the weapon not having reached the windpipe.

Several persons passed while she was lying on the doorstep, and though they endeavored to ascertain what the trouble was she could not speak English sufficiently well to make them understand that an attempt had been made to murder her.

It is understood that the police found a razor covered with blood near the scene of the crime.

The wound in the woman's throat could have been caused by a razor, as could also the deep cut in her arm, but from the nature of the other wounds it is believed that they were caused by either a knife or a dagger, as they appear to be stab-wounds, and not such as would be made with a razor.

One man has been taken into custody on suspicion of being the assassin, but the evidence against him is very weak and no importance is attached to the arrest.

JACK THE RIPPER'S CRIMES.

The District Where They Were Committed—List of the Victims.

"Jack the Ripper" began his work in 1888, and since then twelve other atrocities have been accredited to him.

It will be remembered that he threatened "to fifteen" before he surrendered.

What is usually called the Whitechapel district is about equivalent in territory to the east side of this city, from Houston street to Frankfort street, bounded on the west by the Bowery and Chatham street.

There are worse slums in London than Whitechapel, just as there are worse slums in New York than are to be found in the territory indicated.

Through this populous region the Whitechapel road runs obliquely, much as Broadway runs through this city. This thoroughfare is the Bovey of London, but twice as big, three or four times as wide, and with four times the number of people pushing and crowding through it after nightfall.

The dissolute and the vicious of all climes congregate there, black "Lascar" sailors from India, crazed with rum, gay girls from Paris who had to leave that city or go to prison for purification, men and women who have "done their time" in the prisons, others who have escaped and never stir out in the daylight, thieves and thugs, housebreakers and dissolute women—there they all are. The sky is aglow with the glare of splendid gin palaces, cheap theatres and the smoking naphtha lamps of thousands of street vendors.

Jack's last previous murder was discovered Sept. 10, 1889, and he was heard from again Oct. 9, 1889, when he was reported being the perpetrator of a horror attributed to him. He wrote from Whitechapel.

"The last job was not by me. I would not have made such a botch of it. Never mind, young man; you can keep your lamps open for the 18th of October."

Strange to say, a murder similar to the Whitechapel one was reported from Flensburg, near Hamburg, on that very date.

The Ripper's Victims.

The generally accepted list of the Whitechapel victim's victims up to date is as follows:

1. SEITZ, EMMA ELIZABETH, found April 3, 1888, with a stake or iron instrument thrust through her body, near Osborn street, Whitechapel.

2. TURNER, MARTHA, found Aug. 7, 1888, stabbed in thirty-two places, probably with a bayonet.

3. NICHOLS, POLLY, found Aug. 31, head nearly severed from body.

4. CHAPMAN, ANNIE, found Sept. 8, horribly carved.

5. Young woman, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, found Sept. 23, slashed as were the others.

6. STRIDER, ELIZABETH, found Sept. 30, body warm when found, but mutilated like the others.

7. EDWARDS, CATHERINE, found the same morning, body and face horribly disfigured.

8. Unidentified woman, found Oct. 2, with head and arms severed and the usual mutilations of body.

9. LAWRENCE, Mrs. MARY JANE, found Nov. 9, head nearly severed; face incised.

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30 PER CENT.
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NEW YORK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1891.

WHITE CAPS ROUTED.

Four Hundred of Them Put to Flight
at Corona.

O'Neill's Contingent Numbered Only
Four, but It Was Armed.

Three Men Shot in the Battle and
Many Bruised with Brickbats.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
CORONA, L. I., Aug. 7.—The attempt of the White Caps to drive Patrick O'Neill and his son, William F. O'Neill, out of this place because of their alleged improper behavior and cruel treatment of their wives, culminated last night in a regular pitched battle between 400 villagers, or White Caps, and half a dozen friends of the O'Neills.

Pistols and shotguns were freely used, and as a result there are three men this morning suffering from pistol-shot wounds and a score of others with sore heads, which were inflicted by miscellaneous brickbats during the struggle.

William O'Connor, a soda water manufacturer, is the most seriously injured, his hurts consisting of a gun-shot wound in the right arm, which is broken in several places.

Two other men, companions of O'Connor, whose names are unknown here, were also shot, one receiving a painful wound in the right wrist, and a part of the other's left ear being blown off.

William O'Neill, whom the White Caps have marked for special aversion, participated in the fight, and was so badly used up that he was hurried to New York by his friends on the first train this morning.

His right jawbone is said to be fractured, and his face frightfully swollen and bruised. James Tricard, a modest and unassuming villager, who claims that he took no part in the movement against the O'Neills, but who happened to be passing down the street at the time, was horribly beaten and bruised. He is confined to his bed this morning, suffering intense pain.

It was a MIDNIGHT BATTLE.

The battle occurred between the hours of 10 o'clock last night and 1 o'clock this morning on Grand avenue, the leading street of the village.

It was fought out almost directly under the dancing flag of William F. O'Neill, and resulted, as near as can be ascertained, in a draw.

At least twenty times were the 400 villagers driven back and forced to seek concealment and safety in the neighboring back yards and wood-houses by the handful of the O'Neill household.

Besides the injuries sustained by the three men, windows in the Post-Office were broken and the front of a grocery store kept by C. H. Schloess, a prominent White Cap, was smashed in.

THE EFFIGY CAUSED THE ROW.

The suspended effigy of William F. O'Neill, which caused all the trouble, suffered slightly also, the right foot and a portion of the muslin inscription on the back being shot or torn away. Both sides claim to have come off victors.

The White Caps anticipated trouble yesterday and they met in secret convocation to lay down to devise such methods as would best put down any uprising on the part of the saloon-keeper's friends.

The committee stationed at the depot to watch for the O'Neills was relieved by another committee at nightfall.

James F. O'Neill, a brother of Patrick O'Neill, had read in THE EVENING WORLD that his nephew was hanging in effigy out here, and he left New York last evening with the avowed purpose of pulling it down.

When he reached here he was once again spotted out by the White Caps, and when he climbed out to the wire upon which the figure hung Constable Jenkins was red-hot after him, and he gave up the attempt under a threat of arrest.

Towards 9 o'clock young William O'Neill put in an appearance in the village, he also having come from New York.

The White Caps saw him, and from his bold and defiant air it was reported that he was armed with three revolvers.

It was whispered about that trouble might be expected at any moment, and the villagers began to form on Grand avenue.

REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE.

Young O'Neill went at once to his saloon. Soon afterwards a top wagon, containing four men, passed down Grand avenue.

The men appeared to be strangers, and the White Caps soon learned that they were from college point, and were friends of O'Neill, who had come to help him haul down the effigy.

The four men stopped their wagon on Grand avenue directly under the suspended effigy. The crowd of White Caps then moved down the street.

Some were armed with revolvers, while others carried stones and clubs.

They halted a few feet away from the wagon, and a man in the crowd shouted to one of the four men not to interfere with the figure.

The four men had in the mean time secured a chair from O'Neill's saloon, which they placed on top of the wagon. One of the number mounted the chair and tried to reach the effigy.

Orders to desist from their task were shouted at the men, but they paid no attention to the shouting.

Suddenly a shower of stones and brickbats fell on the carriage from the crowd, and this battle raged for an hour with the result that the four men dropped from their wagon, drew revolvers and faced the crowd of White Caps.

The sight of revolvers put the crowd to flight, but it returned to the fray later and the battle raged for an hour with the result that the four men dropped from their wagon, drew revolvers and faced the crowd of White Caps.

U. H. Schloess said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning that he had gone up to Flushing last night after the fight to have the O'Neill contingent arrested, but that he could not find an officer willing to undertake the job. He said the villagers acted disgracefully in running the O'Neills out of town.

Constable Jenkins has been hustling around the village all morning, looking up evidence against the college point quartet. He said everybody was telling him the men from college point were shot, too, but that he could not find out anything about them. He intends going up to College Point and getting warrants for their arrest.

The whole village is aroused over the trouble and the feeling against the O'Neills is running high.

Whether the O'Neills have decided to move their goods away and leave the place is not known. The effigy of O'Neill has not been hauled down yet.

SUSPICION ON HIM.

Phillips, the Murdered Girl's Lover,
Locked up at Jamaica.

He Denies that He Met Her on
Saturday Night.

Letters Found in Her Trunk Led to
His Arrest in Brooklyn.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
JAMAICA, L. I., Aug. 7.—Martin Phillips, a young Brooklyn lithographer, is locked up in the Town Hall jail here on suspicion of having been connected with the death of pretty Hannah Robinson, the English servant girl, whose dead body was found in the lonely clearing back of Meyer's cigarette factory, on the Fresh Pond road, near Glendale, on Sunday morning last.

Phillips was arrested at his boarding-house in Williamsburg last night by Police Capt. Martin and Detective Sgt. Corcoran, of the Brooklyn Bedford avenue station, on information from Detective Miller that the young lithographer had been the dead girl's lover.

This information was derived from letters found in the girl's trunk, which were brought here yesterday from Hewletts, L. I., where she had worked for Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Martin.

Together with Mr. and Mrs. William Laws, sister and brother of the dead girl, Phillips was taken to Hildewood, where all three positively identified the body. Then the detectives drove the trio to Jamaica.

Consultation with the District Attorney Fleming has been held since Phillips' arrest, and the result is that Phillips is to be held in the first train this morning.

Phillips says he spent last Saturday and Sunday at Navesink, N. J., near Atlantic Highlands. Detective Miller and Constable Fletcher left for Navesink this morning to investigate Phillips' story. If it is found correct he may be released to-day.

The murdered girl will be buried to-morrow; her sister, Mrs. Laws, having arranged for the burial.

The man who was seen in company with Hannah Robinson on Saturday evening last at the Manhattan Beach Railroad crossing in Hildewood, was dressed in a manner similar to Phillips.

The signman at the crossing who saw the couple says he remembers distinctly that the man wore a flat crown, brown derby hat.

Mr. Lawlor's niece lives at Navesink, Pa. Phillips is engaged to be married, and he may be released to-day.

THE DEAD GIRL'S RELATIVES.

Mrs. Laws, of 90 Kent avenue, Hannah's sister, who, with her husband and Phillips, also identified the body at the Hildewood Morgue, is unable to throw any light on the mystery shrouding the dead girl's fate.

Hannah did not visit her on Saturday night, she says, and if the girl had made any arrangements to meet Phillips at that time, Mrs. Laws was not informed of it. She had not seen Hannah for two months prior to the girl's death.

Besides the sister in Williamsburg, there is another sister, Mrs. Edward F. Chell, of No. 254 Manhattan street, Allegheny City, Pa. Coroner Homey called on her yesterday out to come to New York.

Of the forty letters found in Hannah's trunk only two have been shown to reporters. Neither of these was dated, but both were received during the current year. One was from her father, who lives at 6 Dock street, East Monkswater, Sunderland, England, and the other is apparently from a former Sunday-school teacher in Sunderland, England.

SEEKING IN A CEMETERY.

RIDGEWOOD, L. I., Aug. 7.—A man called at Coroner Homey's office this morning and some information about the murdered girl.

He said that he was employed in Evergreen Cemetery, and that on Saturday evening last at about 7 o'clock he saw Hannah Robinson and a young man in the cemetery.

As it was beyond the time for closing the gates he requested them to leave the place. They went away and he did not see them again.

He believed that they went out through the back gate of the cemetery. This gate is on the road which leads to the woods where the body of the girl was found.

He did not know the young man particularly, but did not think he could recognize him if he saw him again.

Hannah Robinson's married sister, Mrs. Laws, of Kent avenue, Brooklyn, has two children buried in Evergreen Cemetery, and Hannah was in the habit of visiting the graves of the little ones.

Martin Phillips boarded at 205 Bedford avenue, the home of Dr. Laurie Long, who speaks of him very highly. The young man is employed as a pressman by Hinds, Ketcham & Co., lithographers.

Phillips' parents are dead, and he has boarded at several places in the Eastern District of Brooklyn during the past three years. He is twenty-five years old, and is a little above the average in intelligence. He has dark hair and eyes, and his face is smooth-shaven. His manner is frank and prepossessing.

He has been a member of the North Fifth Street Methodist Church for many years, and has figured prominently in the Sunday-school affairs of the church.

Phillips readily admitted that some of the letters found in the dead girl's trunk were from him, and he explained the embarrassing terms contained in them by saying that at the time they were written Hannah and he were engaged to be married.

WHY HE BROKE WITH HER.

That was over three years ago, and soon after their acquaintance began, Phillips fell sick with pneumonia, and when, on his recovery, he went back to the North Fifth street address, he was astonished to hear that when it was thought he was dying his sweetheart had called at the house and, telling the people there that he was dead, had insisted upon having his clothes and valuables given up to her. Mr. Walker refused to do so, and Hannah went away in a rage.

Phillips asked the girl for an explanation, she did not give one and the engagement was broken off. But she retained the engagement ring with "M. to H." engraved upon it. Since that period Phillips had seen the girl but a few times.

THE LAST RECKE A MOTHER.

It was perhaps a year afterwards, Phillips says, that he heard Hannah had given birth to a baby. She had not married, and he was astounded at the news, as he had always

ESOP ON CURRENT EVENTS.
XXVIII.



A certain man who wished to purchase a horse, first asked that he be allowed to put him in with some other horses to see what sort of an animal he would turn out, "for," said the man, "as his friends are among his kind so will he be. Like will join like."

Birds of a feather flock together.

until then believed her to be a good, pure girl.

His surprise at the time was increased by an attempt made by Hannah to fix the paternity of the child upon him. That attempt was unsuccessful, and he now believes that it was only made for the purpose of compelling him to marry her. The baby's existence was brief, and after its death he lost sight of the girl.

A photograph of Phillips was found in Hannah's trunk, and all of his letters had been carefully preserved by her.

The prisoner was informed that Sexton Smalley, of Hewletts, had said that Hannah was expecting to meet Phillips Saturday night, that she had told him (Smalley) that Martin and she had agreed to "make up" and that they would probably be married soon.

"She may have told him that," said Phillips, "but she knew at the time it was not true if she did say so."

HE WAS IN JERSEY SATURDAY NIGHT.

"My whereabouts Saturday night can easily be proven. I was at Navesink, N. J., with Mr. Lawlor, who lives at 80 Hope street, Williamsburg. Mr. Lawlor's niece lives at Navesink, Pa. Phillips is engaged to be married, and he may be released to-day."

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LAST EDITION.

WEBSTER IN CUSTODY

The Slayer of Broker Charles Goodwin Surrenders Himself.

Escorted by Capt. McLaughlin to Police Headquarters.

For Five Days the Perceval Flat Murderer Evaded the Detectives.

Bookmaker Bertram C. Webster, the slayer of Charles E. Goodwin, Jr., whom he shot and killed in his room in the Perceval apartment-house, 230 West Forty-second street, surrendered himself this morning to the police.

He gave himself up at the office of Howe & Hummel, his attorneys, where he met Capt. McLaughlin and Detective-Sergeant Crowley. Webster came to the lawyers' office in a carriage. He was alone.

He did not seem in the least disturbed, and was calmly smoking a cigar.

He wore a natty suit of blue.

The officers took him to Police Headquarters in a Blacker street car.

At Headquarters he was taken before Inspector Byrnes and afterwards locked up.

Thence at noon Webster was taken to the Tombs. He was arraigned before Justice Kelly, who committed him to the West Thirty-seventh street station.

Webster's examination was set down for 10 o'clock to-morrow morning at Jefferson Market Court.

HE WAS HIDING BY GAMBLERS.